

THINGS OLD

I like things old; things that grow dear
Like mother's song of yesteryear;

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Like that the shepherds hear, which rang,
When angels touched their harps and sang,
Songs of the heart have charms unfold
That only strengthen when they're old.

I like old homes enriched by years
Of love within, and joys and tears;
Old love nests, though the young have flown
And left two feeble mates alone,
Who sit and dream, while visions bold
Bring back their romance, sweet and old.

I love old friends, I like the new
But more the friends long tried and true,
And though perchance they're bent with care
I love them and their silvery hair.
Time paints the autumn leaves with gold
And tints with love, a friendship old.

I like old memories fond and sweet
And should I walk the golden street
When I have slept my final sleep,
One thing, if only one, I'd keep
And take with me when lips are cold
My memories dear; I like things old.

- - - Brigham Clegg